

Fine by lababo

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Summary:

What really happened when Jonathan was comforting Nancy in her room after the incident in the woods?

Fine

'I got you.'

Nancy clung to the words Jonathan had whispered to her, as tightly as she had clung to him when she got out of the portal in the woods. She would've wanted to cry, but whenever she kept her eyes closed for a little more than a blink, images of the hideous creature from what looked like the netherworld flooded back into her mind. She staggered as she and Jonathan walked to her house, and even in the familiar spaces of her room she remained fazed with shock.

Jonathan took it upon himself to sort things out. After taking off his jacket and mud-stained boots, he helped Nancy out of hers while they sat on one side of the bed. She was partly covered in mud and slime and was trembling, her hair disheveled and her unfocused eyes downcast. Jonathan couldn't resist wiping the dirt off her face and brushing her damp hair to the side.

When Jonathan stood to get the striped jacket from her desk chair, Nancy quickly grabbed his shirt.

'Don't-'

Her eyes were wide with anxiety, Jonathan saw, as if being an arm's length apart would cause a rift to open and swallow her up. Jonathan reached for the jacket all the same, and when he returned to her side he draped it across her shoulders. He rubbed her back gently, but underneath his palm he could still feel her heart pounding.

Although Jonathan was anxious to know what Nancy saw on the other side, he knew it wasn't the right time to ask just yet.

'Hey,' he said softly. *'It's okay. I'm right here.'*

Nancy sat still for a moment, taking his words in. Jonathan could see her making a visible effort to bottle everything up, but when she finally turned and looked at him, her eyes welled with tears. Wordlessly she rested her forehead on his shoulder and her teardrops fell on his jeans. A faint sob escaped her lips, and Jonathan couldn't

help but pull her into an embrace.

Nancy sank into him. Taking comfort in his warmth, she finally shut her eyes closed and buried her face in his neck. Images of the incident flashed again in her mind but she held fast, locking her arms tight around his waist.

'Shh,' Jonathan whispered, 'I got you. Everything's okay.' He held her tight and stroked her back, rocking her back and forth. He slid his hand behind her neck and let his fingers comb through her hair.

Jonathan waited until Nancy's shoulders had stopped shaking and her breathing eased somewhat. Even then, she didn't move away - she couldn't - but neither did he. To divert her thoughts, Nancy shifted her focus to him: the steady heaving of his chest; his arms wrapped securely - protectively - around her; his lips touching the top of her head.

He's here, Nancy told herself as she tried to synchronize her breathing with his. Her muscles relaxed, though she still clutched his shirt.

He's right here. Everything's fine.

After a long while, Nancy pulled back a bit to wipe her face. Jonathan's hair brushed against her forehead, and he watched her with concern.

Nancy inhaled deeply and mustered her strength, until finally she found her voice.

'This is what I saw.'

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Author's Note:

you guys know the rest..... hope you like ;;